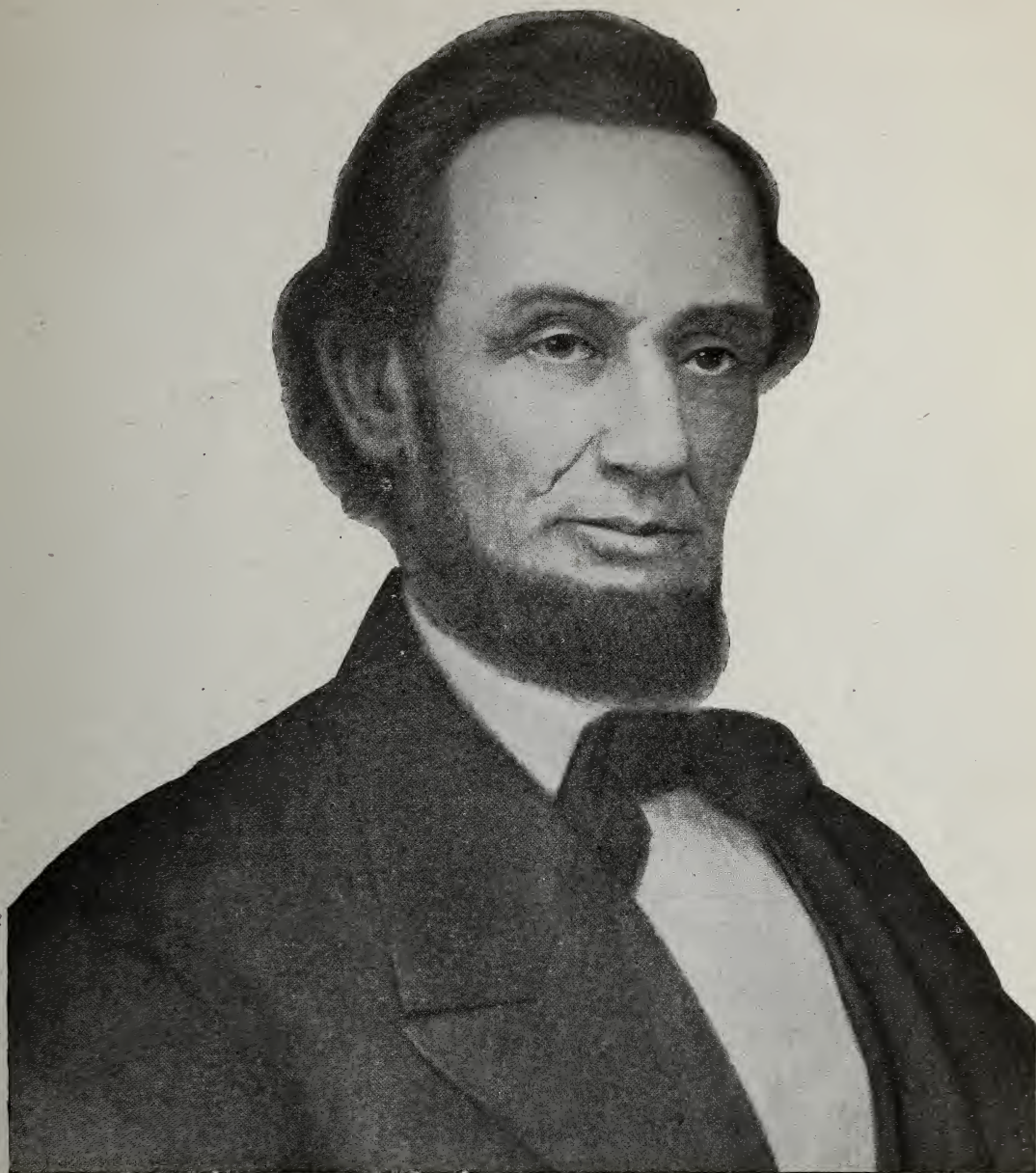


JAN. 1912



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

GRACE DOW

Suggestion for talk with small children.

Over one hundred years ago in a log shanty on a lonely little farm in Kentucky was born a boy who was named by his parents Abraham, but soon he was known by all the plain country people around as "Honest Abe Lincoln", or, for short, "Honest Abe". Why do you think he received this title? Let us see if we can tell from the story of his life?

When Abe was seven years of age, his father, Thomas Lincoln, moved with his family to Indiana; there our little hero and his mother worked in the woods and helped to build a new home. It was only a hut, very unlike our own comfortable homes of to-day. It was made of rough logs and limbs of trees, and had no door and no windows. One side of it was entirely open, and if a friendly Indian, or bear, cared to stroll in, there was nothing to prevent him. During the winter months skins of animals were hung up to keep out the cold, but in summer it was really living out-of-doors.

In about a year they moved into a new log cabin which had four sides to it; and they made a new set of furniture for the new house. Their chairs were three legged stools, and perhaps little "Abe" helped his father drive in the legs. Abe's father split a large log in two, bored holes in the under side, and drove in four stout sticks for legs, and that made the table.

In one corner near the roof of this cabin, our little boy had a big bag of dry leaves for his bed. After eating his supper, which was usually a piece of cornbread, he climbed a ladder made of wooden pins driven into the logs, to his bed in the dark.

Abe's mother was not strong, and died soon after they moved into their new cabin.

His new mother was a good, kind-hearted woman, and did all she could to make this poor, ragged, barefooted boy happy.

He learned to read and write a little while attending school a short time in a log school house some distance from his home. His father was too poor to buy him books and pencils, and send him to school, so he studied alone at home. After the rest of the family had gone to bed, he would sit up and study by the light of the great blazing logs heaped in the open fireplace.

He used to write and cipher on a wooden shovel, shaving the surface off when it was covered. He had but few books, but those he read again and again.

While a boy he did all kinds of hard work, rail-splitting, farm work, and whatever he could do to earn a little money. He clerked in a grocery store for a short time, and at the same time studied law. While in the grocery business a poor woman once paid him six cents too much. After the store closed he walked five or six miles into the country to return the money. It was acts like this that first won him the title "Honest Abe." Lincoln was also very kind-hearted and gentle. Once, when riding along dressed in his best clothes, he heard a pig squealing that was caught in a mud-hole. He rode on for some distance, but went back and helped it out.

Lincoln was several times elected to the Illinois Legislature, where he helped to make the laws for his own state. He was afterward sent to Washington to help in making the laws for the whole country.

Finally he became President of the United States, because the people trusted him.

Apr. 14, 1865, an insane man named Booth shot the good President while he was sitting in a theater at Washington. Even his enemies wept bitter tears feeling that their best friend was gone.

## PICTURE STUDY

FEEDING THE HENS—*Millet*

Jean Francois Millet was born in France in 1814 and died in 1875.

His parents were French peasants and his life was one of toil, privation and hardship.

When a boy he told his father he meant to paint pictures of men and most of his pictures related to the lives of the people around him. They were remarkable for their simplicity and faithfulness and are now known nearly all over the world.

He lived in a humble home in the midst of a garden which abounded in trees, flowers and vegetables. The roof of the house was covered with vines. The doors nearly always stood open. In the morning he dug in the garden and after breakfast painted his pictures in a low-roofed room which he called his studio. His sketches were made out-doors and afterwards were finished with great care in this studio.